1862 FOUNDERS' DAY 1917

THE UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA

DEDICATION

OF THE

MEMORIAL ROOM

Orator

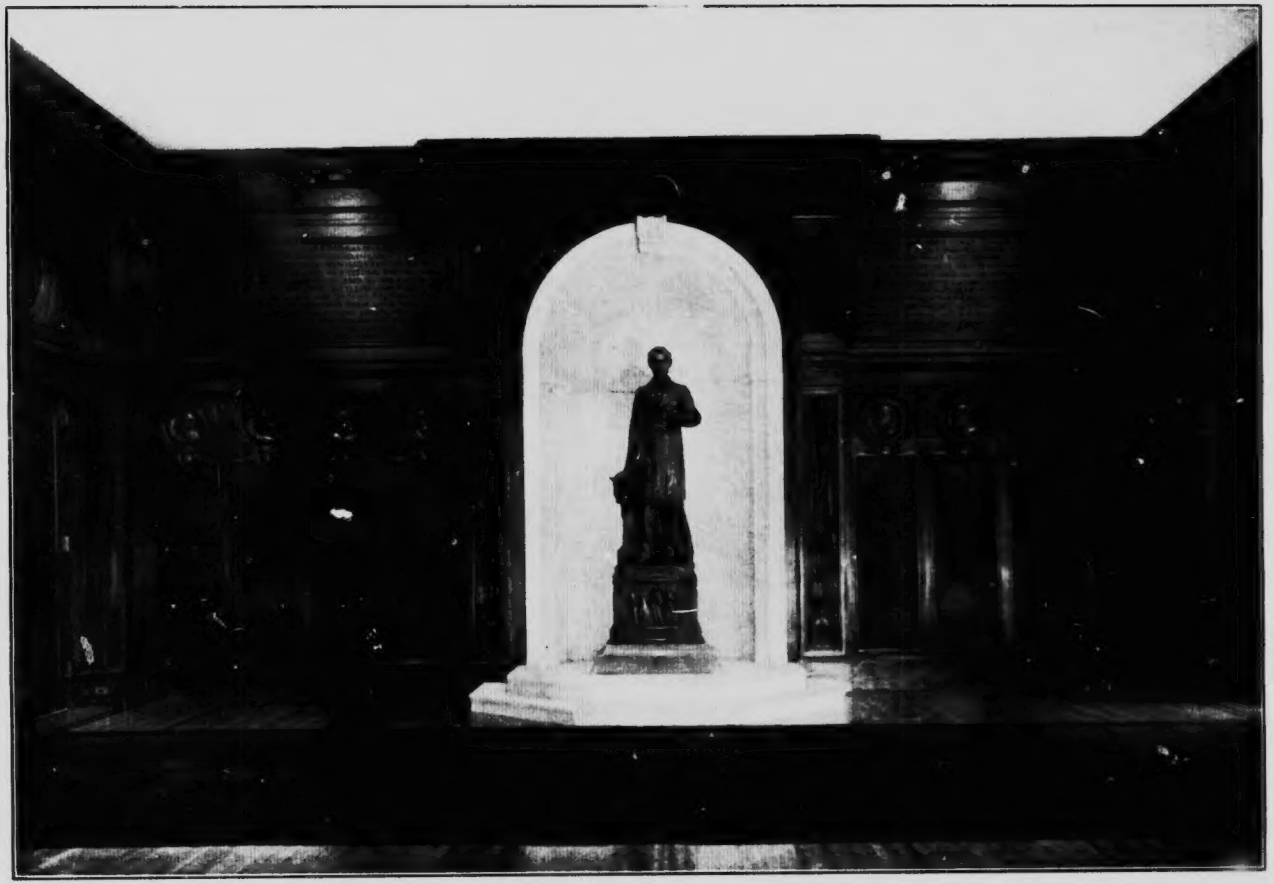
HONORABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Toronto, Canada

PHILADELPHIA

November 24

1917



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UNION LEAGUE

Philadelphia, November 24, 1917.

MR. GRIBBEL.—*Gentlemen of The Union League:*—Fifty and five years ago a few faithful men having the form and seeking to demonstrate the power of patriotism, founded The Union League of Philadelphia. It was born in a great crisis. The men who formed it loved the Liberty and Union of the United States more than they loved life. In the darkest hour of the War of the Rebellion they put themselves and all they had, and all they hoped to be into the support of the nation. There was not a trace of self-seeking in all their labors so long sustained. They never faltered and they never counted the cost of their fidelity. Ten regiments were raised and equipped and sent to the support of Abraham Lincoln in his defense of the Constitution and the Flag. [Applause.] Day and night these our forefathers, with an eye single to the country's preservation, spent themselves in sacrifice.

Tonight we gather to again celebrate the courage, the ability, and the complete success of these our ancestors. We glory in their history and rejoice in our patriotic descent from them. With devout thanksgiving we lay our Laurel and our Rosemary upon this altar raised to their memory, and pray that in this our day of trial we may be found worthy of our descent. May the God of our Fathers inspire us with the courage and active

devotion of The Union League of 1862. [Applause.] May our children be inspired in coming years by the history of The Union League of 1917 [applause], and so the object of our fathers be established and their works follow them.

Fifty and five years have brought to this organization numbers and possessions not dreamed of by the Founders. The country they helped to save has grown to great wealth and power. Its borders have spread beyond the western seas. With Jacob it may say, "With my staff I crossed this Jordan and now I have become two bands." Our national isolation of 1861 has disappeared, never to be seen again. We have seen the troops of the United States marching through the streets of London and Paris. The Stars and Stripes have floated over Parliament House in Westminster and have been carried at the Shrine of Napoleon. Pershing has bent at the tomb of Lafayette and said a thing that will become historic [applause], and down through the ages will ring his cry, "Lafayette, the Americans have come."

This very night, as we sit here, our country's defenders —your defenders, and my defenders—are fighting in the trenches in France and sailing British waters, defending British and other ships from the devils of the deep. [Applause.]

What does this all mean? Simply this, that in the bloody struggle of 1861–1865, during which this Union League was born, government of the people, by the people, for the people was saved in these United States, in their isolation, from a domestic autocracy. Now, in our intimate world-wide relations of 1917, we must preserve our charter of freedom from destruction by a foreign

autocracy. [Applause.] Since Sumter was fired upon nothing has been heard more ominous of danger to these United States than the Kaiser's warning, "I will stand no nonsense from the United States."

My friends, we celebrate this fifty-fifth anniversary in another struggle for the very thing for which our fathers fought. Our responsibility is that we defend our inheritance. If we fail their sacrifices were in vain. Upon us has fallen a greater task than fell to them, and I say it advisedly, we shall succeed solely by the same willing sacrifice of men and treasure. The world is now paying a penalty for our lack of preparedness. But we have begun. We have raised billions for defense, and these United States will never spend one cent in tribute. There are dark days ahead of us. Again the call is for men and our best again are going, and, thank God, again rises from their ranks, "For three years or during the war." [Applause.] We who cannot go will sustain them by all our powers and all our possessions. Our patriotism will not end by hanging our flags from the third-story windows of our houses. Every soldier and every sailor going abroad must know he has all the possessions of the United States and the heart of every American, man and woman, in the United States supporting him. [Applause.]

To this full measure of devotion this Union League of 1917 pledges itself with all that it has and with all that it can get, appealing to the patriots' God for success.

I said there are dark days ahead of us, but that does not mean that while we face the problem, we minimize our strength, nor do we minimize our determination, but with one heart, with one voice and with one object, and that not a selfish one, the United States faces the greatest test

to which they have ever been put, and again, The Union League pledges itself to support the Government of the United States. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, for generations this country of ours has been separated on its northern border from another country by four thousand miles of boundary line, upon which there has not been a fort, a cannon, or an armed force. In comfort we have looked across at each other and said, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." These two countries have shown the world, in such measure as has not been demonstrated anywhere else in the world, the peace that lies in democracy. Today, Canada and these United States are fighting to make the world safe for democracy and in that still greater task that lies beyond us, beyond the war in which we are engaged, Canada will be found side by side with the United States fighting that greater battle in making democracy safe for the world.

It is our great privilege to have with us tonight as our guest of honor, a distinguished Canadian who knows us and understands us; one who has addressed more people on this side of the line than any other Canadian living. Yale University called him last year to deliver the Dodge Foundation lectures on "Responsibilities of Citizenship." In our Liberty Loan campaign which we have just finished so gloriously, in the northern part of New York State when they thought they needed a little extra ginger, they called our guest of honor from Canada to come to the United States to speak in the Liberty Loan campaign, and those of you who know him were not surprised when you found the loan was over-subscribed. In addition to this, gentlemen, he has been my valued friend

for many years and I am the better man for having known him.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, to address you on "The American and Democracy," the Honorable William Renwick Riddell, Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario.

Hon. William Renwick Riddell. *Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Union League:*—I never consider myself a foreigner or an alien in the United States of America [applause], and I never less considered myself an alien or a foreigner than I do at the present moment when I am received by The Union League of Philadelphia. Afret the kind words, sir, which you have used concerning me tonight and, especially when I see before me and over my head, my own flag, I am at home, and I call you my own, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—I am one of you.

I am peculiarly proud in being asked to address you upon this occasion, the important anniversary of the year, not with a personal, but with a national pride; because this honor is in no small degree a courteous recognition of the fact that my country is to be taken into consideration in the United States, and, therefore, in the world.

But a few years ago, as years are counted in the life of a people, Canada was, in the minds of many if not of most Americans, not much more than a geographical expression, connoting a narrow fringe of more or less civilized settlements on the Arctic side of the "American Lakes" with a vast expanse of barren territory behind, given up to wild animals and scarcely less wild men,

eking out a scanty and precarious livelihood by hunting and trapping, procuring northern furs for the benefit of the inhabitants of a more benign and luxurious clime.

Now, Canada, with her ships on every sea, her commerce in every mart, with modest pride ranks herself beside the older and stronger and greater nation to the south, and demands recognition as a sister—and she has that claim allowed. The celebrated Greek, cordially and candidly admitted that, had he been born in a small island instead of in Athens, he never would have achieved greatness, so, I, having no claim to eminence except the fact that I am a Canadian, am quite sure that I should not have been called upon to address a club of this importance and assist in this event, were it not that my country is now considered worth while. And, there is another, a warmer and a dearer thought, one which fills me with greater satisfaction and delight, and that is that not only the invitation itself, but the manner of the invitation and the subject upon which I am asked to address you, clearly show that in your eyes, although—or should I say because?—Canada is one of the free, self-governing nations constituting the far-flung British Empire, bound with the silver cord of loyalty to the Great Mother across the sea, you have the heartfelt conviction that in everything that is worth while, worth taking into consideration in the present tremendous crisis of the world's history, the United States and Canada are one. [Applause.]

"Fellow-citizens," I may not call you with legal and technical accuracy—as I heard an American the other day address an audience in Toronto—because, by the rules of international law, you and I are foreigners and aliens to each other; but by a right which as far tran-

scends the rules of international law as the heavens are above the earth, by the eternal law, by the elemental and essential law of human nature, by that law which God Almighty has placed in the bosoms of every one of us, I claim you as brothers. [Applause.] You are, I have said, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, for in as true a sense as though they were natural persons born of the same father and mother, these peoples, the United States and Canada, call each other sister, with mutual love, with mutual confidence, aye, and with mutual pride and admiration. [Applause.]

And the fact that the American early devoted himself to the cause of democracy and has consistently sustained it, has had no little to do with the consummation which has so long been devoutly wished and hoped for and now at last has come to pass. I am not one of those who believe, or pretend to believe, that democracy was born on the Fourth of July, 1776, and that her birthplace was upon this continent; I do not believe, nor do you believe, that Freedom was unknown and non-existent before the Declaration of Independence. Philosophical students of the history of law and political institutions are fond of drawing the distinction between the Roman and the Germanic conception of the relation of the individual to the state: they point out that in the Roman theory, the individual has no rights which the state is bound to respect, that laws for the protection of the individual are mere voluntary concessions by the state, concessions, which, at its discretion, it may withdraw; while, according to the early Germanic conception, the rights of the individual are not based upon some voluntary, modifiable and revocable law of the state, but that personal rights are born with

him, they follow him everywhere, and decrees derogatory therefrom are null and void.

How far the modern German has gone from his ancestral principle, we need not now pause to consider, nor shall we here trace the natural if not inevitable result of the two theories in the conception of international relationships.

What is democracy? Democracy is not a form of government. Republics in form may be autocracies in fact or oligarchies in fact. The republics, so-called, of ancient Greece; the republics, so-called, of medieval Italy; the republics, so-called (many of them), of Central and South America during our own times could not be justly dignified by the name of republics as we understand the word; and the Roman *reo publica* was far from being a republic. What, I ask, was the form of government when Napoleon was First Consul of the Republic of France?

Nor because the form of government is monarchical or even autocratic, is it necessarily undemocratic. England has yet a king; George the Fifth has the same titles which his predecessor, Henry the Eighth, and his predecessor, John, had centuries ago. The army is his and the navy, and all transactions are in his name, but our King, thank God, unlike some of his predecessors, contents himself with reigning, and leaves the ruling to his people to whom it rightly belongs. [Applause.] You all know, of course, the well-known distinction between the English king and the American president: The English king reigns but does not rule and the American president rules but does not reign.

Democracy is a manner of thought, a bent of the mind

and soul, it is the spirit which giveth life—not the form, the husk, the external, the letter which killeth.

What, then, is the history of our race? Those splendid savages, or half savages, who lived near Jutland, the only tribes in Central Europe which refused to bow the knee to Imperial Rome, the ancestors in blood of many, in democracy of, I hope, all of us, the Angle, the Saxon and Jute, ruled each man his own family. Their chiefs were not chosen by God, they were chosen by the people; the final authority rested with the people not with an irresponsible overlord, and the chief who did not satisfy the people was unfrocked as quickly as—nay much more quickly than—an American mayor. They were not troubled by constitutional limitations or hampered by charters which confined the election to certain particular days and certain particular months in certain particular years—the polls were always open in those days. They had a true, although an undeveloped and embryonic democracy.

Through all the welter of Saxon and Norman times, the spirit of democracy never died; even the iron Conqueror himself never conquered the independent Englishman. Through the times of the Plantagenet, the Lancastrian, the Yorkist and the Tudor, down to the time of the Stuarts, every now and then democracy manifested itself in some form or other. From John, the astute, wily and able king—(those make a great mistake who think King John was a fool: he was not a fool, but an exceedingly able king)—his subjects extorted a charter, the Great Charter which contains, as in solution, the principles of democracy, awaiting but the shock to become crystallized. The first Charles lost his head because he did not understand that the people were

determined to rule; his son lost his throne because he listened to the conventional flatteries of courtiers and believed these to be the voice of his people.

The Bill of Rights in 1689 laid down principles of democracy in a more systematic form; and democracy was well advanced before George Washington was born. Freedom of speech; freedom of the press; freedom of assembly and petition; no taxation without representation; no gift or benevolence to the king unless made by a free Parliament freely elected by a free people and debating freely: these principles the Fathers of the American Revolution brought with them, either in person or by their ancestors, to this continent. It needed but a series of sensible and sympathetic monarchs, or even one such monarch, to have democracy fully developed in England before the American Revolution. Unfortunately, near the end of the eighteenth century, a pig-headed, half-crazed, ill-trained, ill-balanced German, educated by a fool of a German woman, whose voice he never forgot, "George, be a king, George, be a king," in the providence of God and by the accident of birth and religion, came to the throne of the United Kingdom and believed he had been sent of God to govern not only the islands but also this great continent. The Colonists of the Thirteen Colonies did not desire to leave the British Empire—none more loyal than they—but they did desire and were determined to govern themselves; and when it came to the point where they had to choose between governing themselves and continuing part of the British Empire, they did not hesitate long. Self-government was theirs and they determined—even though it meant leaving the British Empire—they determined

to govern themselves. The Colonists were advancing no new doctrine: they were but applying to their own case the principles which they had brought with them across the ocean. But it is their immortal and never-fading glory that they cast into the scale their fortune and their lives; and that after a weary and perilous struggle, they emblazoned, sun clear, as in the skies, the principles of democracy, never again to be dimmed by King or Kaiser, by Philistine or obscurant.

You will not ask a Canadian, I dare say, to believe or to say that the Fathers of the American Revolution were any more patriotic, any more able, any cleaner, any more honest than those who opposed them. A large proportion of the American Colonists, not far from half, and perhaps more than a half, thought that while the king and his governm . were unwise, even wicked, yet that in the progress of time, proper government would be granted to them; and they opposed the Fathers of the American Revolution. These United Empire Loyalists, as we proudly call them, these Tories as they are called with contempt in your school histories, have suffered the same fate as their predecessors in the previous century—it is the old story of the Roundhead and the Cavalier over again. One class of men so attached to Liberty that they will cast off all bonds, break away from all old fashions, and separate themselves from the heritage passed down to them by their forefath rs, in order that they may be free. Others, desiring freedom with a true desire, may shun the name of traitor, and may desire to hold fast the old bonds and the beloved connections they have inherited. These United Empire Loyalists have, in the United States, suffered the same

fate in name and fame as the Cavaliers in the Revolution against Charles the First suffered or would have suffered had there been no Restoration. In Canada, their name and fame is that of the Cavaliers after the Restoration and during the times of Charles the Second. Those men in 1783, when the independence of the United States was admitted, made their way into the northern wilderness, and made their home in that Canada from which I come and of which I am so proud—that Canada which is now even more than she has been for fifty years, your sister country, the old feuds forgotten. Of these men who sacrificed everything they had from devotion to the Empire and Flag, who refused to barter their fealty for their confiscated lands, our Canadian poet sings—they

> "Got them out into the Wilderness,
> The stern old Wilderness;
> But then—'twas British Wilderness!"
>
> " . . . . they who loved
> The cause that had been lost—and kept their faith
> To England's Crown and scorned an alien name,
> Passed into exile; leaving all behind
> Except their honor. . . .
> Not drooping like poor fugitives they came
> In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
> But full of heart and hope, with head erect
> And fearless eye, victorious in defeat.
> With thousand toils they forced their devious way
> Through the great wilderness of silent woods
> That gloomed o'er lake and stream, till higher rose
> The Northern Star above the broad domain
> Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
> Defend and keep forever as their own,
> Their own and England's till the end of time."

But those men, noble and truly patriotic men as they were, were like Falkland, and his fellows who, honest themselves, trusted in the autocratic and therefore untrustworthy Charles, and followed their king to the

detriment of their freedom. So these United Empire Loyalists with all their proud record may be thought to have failed to attain to our conception of democracy in that they kept their faith to the detriment of their own political freedom.*

* The last and most flagrant insult to these heroic men was reserved for the present year when they were compared to the prowling brood of traitors open, or half-veiled, now the curse of this Republic. I cannot better express the Canadian's feeling of indignation at this comparison than by reading a letter to a New York newspaper from a Canadian.

"To the Editor of The New York Times:

A good many American journalists are at present comparing the 'Tories of the Revolution' with the pacifists and pro-Germans of today. Against this I beg to record my emphatic protest. The so-called 'Tories of the Revolution,' remembered and honored by us Canadians as the 'United Empire Loyalists,' and the founders of our great Dominion, were a very different class of people from the sedition-mongering gang at present in your midst. They were patriotic citizens of the British Empire, irreconcilably opposed to its dismemberment and willing to wait for a peaceable solution of the differences with the mother country, which they felt sure would eventually come. They comprised at the breaking out of armed hostilities at least one-half of the entire population of the thirteen colonies, but being unorganized were at a great disadvantage. As it was, they fought and bled and died or suffered the spoiling of their goods and cheerfully went into exile for their principles. As a result of their devotion to a lost cause (or a cause that seemed to be lost) we have the Dominion of Canada today, with a population nearly, if not fully, three times as great as that of the original revolting colonies and covering one-half of the American continent. Your modern historical writers, such as [illegible] Sydney Fisher, and others, have frankly conceded the bon[illegible]and patriotism of the American 'Tories.' Their patriotism, [illegible]ich put the whole above the part, was, I think all fair-minded Americans will admit, just as glorious and just as worthy of respect as that of their opponents. In justice to the memory of these heroic, high-minded (if from your own standpoint mistaken) men, I must enter a vigorous protest against comparing them with the aforementioned gentry. The Loyalists of America were men who fought and lost and won, and there is no better American strain today than their descendants in Canada. Their monument is the great Dominion of Canada, and you Americans have just as much reason to be proud of them as we Canadians.

"R. F. Dixon.

"Wolfville, N. S., Nov. 8, 1917."

It is idle to speak of the American Revolution being produced or being caused by a tax here, an impost there, a stamp here, tea sent there: these were the mere occasions, but the cause was that the American knew that he could govern himself and he was determined that he should govern himself. It is equally idle to speak of it having been a rising against Britain at large. The better part of England sympathized with the American colonists—and when I say the better part of England, I mean precisely what I say, not perhaps the larger number of Englishmen, but a large number of the greatest minded and best Englishmen sympathized with the American colonies. All of Scotland, practically, sympathized with the American Colonies in their struggles; and when they had succeeded there was no country more rejoiced than the better part of England and the greater part of Scotland. [Applause.] I know how hard it is for some Americans to understand that England has always taken a pride in this great nation, this great United States. I know some of you find this hard to believe, because I have seen the books you read at school, one of the teachings of which was that England is the sworn enemy of the United States. That is a lie, it never was true; and if it ever had a semblance of truth, even that semblance of truth has gone years and years ago. England has always been proud of the United States; but what signifies vastly more than that may not be so manifest. Democracy in England was drooping, was almost smothered by Royal power, but on the triumph of America it was heartened and, ever since that time, the democracy of England has looked to the democracy of the United States as an inspiration. The great example of the United States has had a tremendous

influence in England, which is now as democratic as any nation on the face of God's earth. While there never was any republican sentiment in Canada that was not negligible and there is not today, the United Empire Loyalists, while they insisted upon remaining a part of the British Empire and upon living under the old flag under which they were born, remembered also that they came from freedom-loving lands where they had had self-government, and which were determined to continue to have self-government; and they never quietly submitted to any tyranny on the part of England thereafter. In every country there are obstructionists; in every country there are reactionaries, and when in Canada a struggle arose between the reactionaries and democracy, we always looked down across the international boundary to the example of the United States, and the United States has, for generations, been an inspiration and an example for the people of my country; we too in Canada are as democratic as it is possible for any people to be.

It may be that Canada would have been as democratic as she is today had there never been an American Revolution, but that democracy almost certainly would have been extorted by force, and it would have been born amidst the roar of the cannon and the flash of the bayonet and not in the quiet of the Council Chamber. That Canada and the rest of the British Empire today are free, is due largely to the example of American democracy in 1776. I have often said that the embattled farmers who stood and fired the shot heard round the world, their lines uneven but unyielding, owing little to the drill sergeant but much to the strong and gallant heart, fought not only for themselves and the rest of those of the Thirteen Colonies, and

the great States that were to proceed from the Thirteen Colonies, not only for their descendants for generation after generation in these United States, but they stood there for Canada too, for Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa, aye, for England herself and all that makes the British Empire worth while. One Bunker Hill was enough: the bitter but salutary lesson was learned. One Revolution was enough; the lesson was learned, and hard as it was for a proud strong nation like Britain, she learned that her children would not submit to be governed by her, as they knew they were fitted to govern themselves—and so colonial self government was born.

> "We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held."

The democracy today is the offspring, almost directly, of the democracy of the Fathers of the American Revolution.

Years went by and years went by for a half century and more after the foundation of this great Republic wherein freedom was proudly asserted and men were supposed to be free—but freedom was denied to twenty per cent of the inhabitants of these States. The negro had no rights which the white man was bound to consider or respect. Now, very often, those who are engaged in a war do not really know the whole substance of the war, do not fully comprehend what it is about. When Miltiades led that splendid charge down on the plains of Marathon and drove the Persians headlong into the marsh, the Greeks were fighting not simply for the freedom of Greece or of Athens, but for all Greek philosophy without which religion would not be what it is, or science or

learning—they were fighting for Greek art, whether in gold or ivory or marble or winged word, without which this life would not be much worth living—they were fighting against the autocrat and his system. A thousand years afterward, on the plains of Chalonssur-Marne, the Romans met the hordes of the Huns, under Attila, whom, under the name of Etzel, the Kaiser recommended as a model to his soldiers when about to depart for China (and I must say, they rather improved on the model—Genseric, King of the Vandals, the Kaiser seems to have adopted as his own model, for Genseric was a hypocrite and a liar, as well as a brute), these Roman soldiers did not know for what they were fighting. They supposed they were fighting in order that the Hun should not have Gaul, but they were in reality fighting to determine whether Europe, and, therefore, the world, should be Christian or pagan, civilized or savage.

When the Civil War broke out, a great many people did not know what its real meaning was—you will remember your great President, after whom this Hall has been named, to whom it is dedicated, and to whose memory it shall always be a fitting monument for generation after generation, was long willing that the erring sisters might come back into the Union; if they had done so, they would have been allowed to come back to the Union and retain their domestic institution at least for a time. Even to this day, many of my friends in the South contend and protest more vigorously and with transparent honesty that the Civil War (your late Governor said there was no Civil War but a Rebellion, but to avoid controversy I call it the Civil War) was not concerning slavery at all. It was a question of state rights, I have been told at

least a dozen times, by my friends in the South; but everybody knows, as was known before the war came to an end, that that war was about slavery, and that that war was waged that there should be real democracy in these United States, that a man's blood or his color should not make him the slave or the servant of another. It was, I think, in most cases, the recognition of that fact rather than the spirit of adventure or the desire of gain which induced fifty thousand young Canadians to offer their services in the Northern Armies. In that bitter conflict, when the hand of the soldier on either side was red with the blood of a brother, the sympathy of Canada was almost wholly with the North; and in the Mother Country, the Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives, suffering hunger and in many cases starvation, refused to allow their representatives in Parliament to protest against the blockade.

True, there was a class opposed to the North, but those who complain of the conduct of Britain during the Civil War, will do well to see how it was considered in the South!

The way of the transgressor is hard, but so is and more abundantly that of the neutral—if anyone doubts it, let him ask President Wilson!

And, in that great war for freedom, for civilization, for democracy, stood at the very front, that great man whom you commemorate today and to whom you dedicate this hall, Abraham Lincoln [applause]—Abraham Lincoln, sir, was the beau ideal of democracy. He was the first true, fully democratic President—democratic, indeed, with a small d, not a large one. [Laughter.] The distinction may be nice, but it is substantial. The first President,

George Washington, was an English gentleman, an aristocrat, a man who really loved the common people but in the same way the squire in England loves the common people on his estates; but he knew and they knew that they were not his people in the sense of being regarded as equals. The Adamses, both of them, were autocrats with but the faintest tinge of democracy in their make-up. Jefferson was a theoretical democrat: his democracy, sir, was of the type of the French Revolution. He was steeped to the lips in French philosophy and French democracy, a democracy which at that time, whatever it may be during the last few years, sir, had a fatal defect, had a fly in the ointment. No man can be a good democrat, unless he believes that all men are by blood the children of God, and he cannot believe that unless he believes that there is a God and that that God takes an interest in His children. [Applause.] We may pass over Madison, Monroe, Pierce, and persons of that class. General Jackson was a Democrat with a large D, it may be the father of Democracy with a large D. His conception of democracy was that "to the victors belong the spoils:" his conception of true democracy was, "If I can thrash you, I am going to do it," a democracy of the kind that is very rampant in some countries today. There is no other President who is worth mentioning in the same category, in any way near the same category as your great President Lincoln. Lincoln did not know the people in the same way as George Washington knew them, looking from above, down below. He did not know them in the same way as Jefferson knew them, individuals, units coming upon this world by chance and having no certain future beyond this world. He did not know them as

Jackson knew them, divided into two classes, one of which ought to have everything and the other ought to have nothing. He was born amongst them, he was one of them, and there never was a finer saying or one which better indicates the humanity of his heart than his saying, "God must love the common people; He has made so many of them." One of the common people himself, he loved them as his own: he loved them because he was one of them and knew them; and he loved them because he knew that the future of the world depends, not upon King or Kaiser or philosopher or man of high station, but upon the common man. I say to you, that Lincoln, whom you celebrate today, is the greatest democrat the world has ever seen, in the true sense of the world. [Applause.]

The United States by its heroic sacrifice of men and money, pouring out its blood and gold like water in that magnificent struggle well earned the position of leader in the world's democracy.

Then came these later days—in the summer of 1914, the peace of the world was broken by the clash of arms. Britain and the other democratic nations tried hard to keep the peace, but certain of the autocratic nations felt that the time had come when they could have what they wanted; and war was declared. Even then, Britain, divided from Europe by the Channel, might have remained out of the war; but she had pledged her word, and when another nation which had also pledged its word made that tiger spring across the boundary of Belgium and flew at the innocent, ravaged, killed and destroyed, the great and generous heart of Britain, hating war, loving peace leaped within her bosom; she declared war, and Canada, her fairest, most beautiful daughter, hesitated

not one moment, but sent the message across the sea to the great Mother, "Our last dollar and our last man." [Applause.] Canada has given nearly 450,000 volunteers to the cause, a number corresponding to over 6,000,000 in the United States; there are 30,000 young Canadian boys whose tombs we know in France and Flanders, and 5,000 more, buried, we know not where, whether blown to pieces or buried in the trenches—35,000 men of our best and bravest and noblest are dead. I come from a city of 450,000 inhabitants, and she has sent 60,000 men under arms; she mourns more than 3,000 dead. My University of Toronto has nearly 5,000 graduates and undergraduates fighting for civilization; 300 have made the last sacrifice. We refuse to repent; we have done right.

Gentlemen, when we were fighting, we looked across the international boundary for leadership and sympathy; but we received none officially. We fought on and on; our boys have shown what Canadian lads could do and we are proud of them, yes, and, you are proud of them, for they are looked upon as your very own; they are to you almost American boys, born though they were, north of the international line.

Those of us who knew the American people, as I thought I did, were puzzled. It almost seemed that they had for the time being abdicated their well-won leadership. We heard a great deal in official circles of peace without victory, of neutrality even in thought and of struggles in which the United States had no interest. We heard nothing officially of democracy, of truth and honor of fidelity to the pledged word, of Christianity, or humanity. But, we saw the carpet inside out. We did

not see the pattern which the ingenious workman behind the screen was with marvelous skill weaving out, thread by thread and shuttle by shuttle until at last, sir, in April of this year, it flashed upon us like a vision, the splendid work of the President of the United States, that you should go into the war, not a divided nation, but a nation unanimous, united in soul in a passionate and insistent demand for justice and right—a demand by the whole nation and not by a section of it only. Before, we saw the carpet inside out; we see the right side now; and, thank God for that great pattern which, in the Providence of God, your President has worked out, in view of the whole world—the American nation, one and undivided in an insistent demand for justice and righteousness.

Now, as I suggested before, the occasion and the cause of wars are two different things entirely. Aristotle said with keen insight—than whom no greater philosopher lived, a writer to be read and read and read again—he said that "Occasions of war may be small and manifest, the causes of war are great and obscure." The occasion for Britain going to war was the brutal invasion of Belgium: the occasion for the United States going to war was the brutal invasion of neutral rights on the sea and the breaking of a promise on the part of the Germans. America had no call to go into this war so far as her financial position was concerned; she had no treaty to keep, no pledge to implement, no trade to seek, there was no territory which she desired. She hated war; she desired to keep out of war and tried hard to be neutral in act and word, if not in thought ("neutrality in thought" I never understood, unless it means negation

of all thought, which is the easiest of all virtues, and the most universally practised). She tried hard to be neutral, and after the horrors of Belgium on land were paralleled on the sea, when the *Lusitania* was sunk and the corpses of American men and women, women, and, God help us, American babies dotted the ocean, even then, America said, "I will hold my hand: I shall not go to war unless absolutely necessary," and hoped against hope. She received another promise, a promise made to be broken. As the nations of Europe knew in their hearts that the swashbuckling ruffian would some time or other break out in war upon beautiful Europe, but hoped against hope, because the wish was father to the thought, that war might be kept off for some years—so, the United States knew in its heart that the promise made by Germany would be broken whenever it seemed convenient to Germany. And it was broken; and then at last the flame of indignation broke out and this great people found themselves at war for justice and right, for international law and international decency.

But, had Belgium never been invaded, had the U-boat never been invented or if invented never used as a weapon of wholesale murder, a war of this kind must necessarily take place. This, my friends, is a phase, the most terrible phase—I pray to God it may be the last phase—of that eternal struggle which began before Lucifer fell from Heaven, and will continue till the day when He maketh up His jewels. A war between right and wrong, a war between our God and the German Woden; a war between our Christ and the bloodthirsty gods of the German nation; the struggle of Bethlehem and Galilee and Calvary with Potsdam and Berlin and Vienna.

There are only two systems of government, either government by the people or government over the people; and it makes no difference whether that government over the people is by an individual or a caste or a class, so long as the power is not given by the people but is exercised in their despite. In autocracy, the autocrat, filled with the sense of his own greatness, believes he is sent of God to govern over the nation; and his people, if they take him at his word, necessarily believe that they are favored above all the other peoples on the earth. They do not believe, with the Apostle, that God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. They believe their nation is separate and distinct. In medieval times it used to be said, "Keep no faith with infidels;" during the times of slavery it often happened that slave dealers and owners would keep no faith with the slave, and too often it was not thought dishonorable to break faith with the Indians; yet these promise-breakers would keep their word pledged to an equal. My friends, as was said by your great President with that keen vision which can come only from a profound, accurate and philosophical study of history—an autocrat cannot be trusted to keep faith. An autocrat is of necessity a liar *ex officio*.

A free government, government by the people, is a different kind of government entirely,—it is a government of equality, a government of righteousness.

As has been said so often there are only two rules of international conduct worth considering. One is "Might makes right: Might is right; I can, therefore I ought and will." That is the rule of the autocrat. The other is, "Right is right; and because right is right to follow right

were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." This is the rule which has kept our two nations in harmony, in peace for over a hundred years.

Democratic nations are willing to do the right: they believe that other nations have rights which they are bound to respect. The autocrat necessarily believes that he is sent by God and that any opposition to him must be blasphemy: and as might is best shown in war, the theory naturally arises that war is good in itself. If we have a nation or a number of nations who hold the theory that might is right, the time must come when these nations shall put that theory into force. It may be, for years, generations, centuries, in preparation; and the time may not come speedily; but the time will come when these nations will believe they are in a position to impose their will upon the other nations, and unless the other nations lie down, war is sure to come.

> "Surely we come of the blood, slower to bless than to ban,
> And little used to lie down at the bidding of any man."

If you have an autocratic nation like Germany, a democratic nation which will not lie down, like Britain and the United States, war is necessary and unavoidable. If there never had been a Belgium, a *Lusitania* or a U-boat, this war at some time must needs have come. The battlefield, the battle line, at some time must needs be set; and thank God it is set with the democratic nations standing shoulder to shoulder. Now will be drowned out that feeling of jealousy, even hatred, which has arisen between these great English-speaking nations through the unwise actions of those on each side of the Atlantic and each side of the international boundary—now we shall have together and united these great flags of the red the

white and the blue, the same colors, but differently arranged, floating side by side as they are in the trenches of France and Flanders, floating together not only on the fields of battle, but on the fields of peace, not only this year and next year, but the next century, the next millennium, and, please God, until time shall be no more. For, my friends,

> In precious blood its red is dyed,
> Its white is honor's sign,
> In weal or ruth its blue is truth,
> Its might the power divine.

and, please God, those flags shall never again fly in opposing camps, but will float as they do today side by side in the greatest of all causes.

Now, it would be amusing if it were not so terrible, to contemplate the trial balloons which are sent out by the German looking towards peace; he thinks to "bless himself in his heart, saying—surely I shall have peace though I walk in the imagination of mine heart." There is no peace that the Allies can accept, can dare to accept, except the peace which kisses righteousness, for "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." We must, notwithstanding these trial balloons and the vain hope of peace, fight on and on and on until there is a military victory, until the brute is tamed. The brute must be brutally beaten; that is the only logic he understands. [Applause] The world must be made safe for democracy; and it can be safe for democracy only when the autocrat finds that democracy is too strong for him and war does not pay. We are fighting, you and I, your people and mine—I will say no more "your people

and mine," but your and my people, *our* people, because they are the same people—our people must fight on and on and on until victory is obtained; and in doing that we are not fighting, sir, against the Germans, we are fighting not only for Britain, Canada, the United States, but for Germany and the Germans. We hope that they are not sinning against the light, but that they are mistaken and misled, and we hope that they may soon come to see the light. If they are sinning against the light, then we hope they may experience a change of heart and repent in sackcloth and ashes, and become a new people. Then, when they have determined to become a new people, the infinite capacity for taking pains, the marvelous industry, the diligence, the discipline, the patriotism, and the national feeling of the German, will necessarily make Germany again great, but great in another sense; a great nation loved and respected, and not loathed and dreaded by the rest of the world, not hated and feared as she is today. The great tragedy, my friends, in this war, is not the death of so many people—they would have died anyway at some tim the tragedy of this war is not so much the destruction of material wealth—that would have gone, that is something a man cannot take with him when he goes the long journey—but the tragedy of this war is the self-disclosure of Germany, Germany showing her true heart to the world; when that heart is changed, and a new and better because democratic Germany is come, the world will be changed, and then will be seen upon this earth what the poet saw in Heaven.

"I dreamt that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,

So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

"No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

"A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

"No longer on their ears
The Bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangles spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky,
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by.

"Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!"*

[Applause.]

HON. HAMPTON L. CARSON:—I move that the thanks of The Union League be extended to Mr. Justice Riddell for his profound, eloquent and inspiring address.

[Motion unanimously carried.]

* These beautiful lines by Barry Pain I make no excuse for repeating. I have recited them before on similar occasions, and repeat them at the request of one in whose judgment I have profound confidence.—W. R. R.

Mr. Gribbel:—Mr. Justice Riddell, allow me to thank you in the name of The Union League.

Mr. Riddell:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I brought with me a manuscript here, but I could not read it. When I saw that flag (pointing to the Canadian flag, the British flag with the Canadian arms in the fly) flying opposite your own flag and when I saw your kindly faces looking up in mine, I could not read it. I have spoken to you from my heart. God bless you; God bless The Union League. [Great applause, audience rising.]

Edwin S. Stuart:—I have been asked by the Art Association of The Union League to say a few words upon this, the fifty-fifth anniversary of Founders' Day. This beautiful room in which we are assembled, visible to us now for the first time, has been created by The Union League as a perpetual memorial to those who offered their services to their country during the great crisis of 1861-1865. It has been aptly called the Hall of Fame. But let me urge you never to regard it as a mausoleum. The men whose names look down upon us from these walls, still speak through their lives and their deeds. There is another title that, I think, might, very fittingly, be applied to this room. It might well be called "Temple of Inspiration," because in it we have, in its beauty and purpose, an addition to this building, that appeals with striking force to all those noble principles that The Union League represents. Here, in enduring bronze, are the names of every member of The Union League living or dead, whether officer or private soldier, who offered his services in defense of his country. Every name appears before you. The Union League has

existed for fifty-five years, and were it not for the high, unselfish and patriotic sentiments and ideals that give it birth and still inspire it, it would not have survived to celebrate this anniversary. Any member of The Union League who does not understand, if such there be, that this is a federation of men formed to accomplish exalted aims and purposes does not know what was back of it at its foundation and what it should stand for today. This room—call it "Hall of Fame," or "Temple of Inspiration" or by any other appropriate name—will remain as a lasting testimony and proof to our successors through the years that are to come of the pure and lofty motives of the founders. At the present time, our country is facing what is perhaps the gravest crisis in the history of the Republic. We should be fully awake to the situation; because it is not a time for idle talk, reckless or hysterical statements, unjust or unfair criticism; but it is emphatically a time for every man, for every American citizen, whether he be such by birth or adoption, absolutely and unreservedly to support the President of this nation in every effort made to maintain the honor, integrity and safety of the United States of America. [Applause.]

After the President delivered his address to Congress leading to the declaration of war against Germany, The Union League was the first organization to respond and offer its services, and what it did in the past for President Lincoln, it will do for President Wilson. [Applause.] Our flag is now carried at the head of our troops somewhere in France; let us remember this glorious truth, and let us impress it upon the mind of every American, now and always; that flag has never been carried in an

unjust cause, and has never been unfurled except for the benefit of mankind, therefore it has never gone down in defeat. [Applause.]

The Art Association of The Union League felt that this room would not be perfect, and would not be adequately adorned for presentation to the League, unless it were truly a memorial room. It was believed that it would be a Temple of Inspiration when embellished with the names of the men you see here, and hallowed by the statue of the man whom they upheld and sustained, and whose ideals brought this League into being. And as I look upon this statue of Lincoln, there comes to my mind a remembrance of that great, strong, patriotic spirit who stood at his right hand, invincible through his confidence in the justness of his cause, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War: and I recall the words, prophetic in the light that followed, that fell from his lips, as he stood at the death-bed of Lincoln and gazed at his lifeless body, undaunted in spirit, but bent with grief: "Now he belongs to the Ages!" That utterance has been amply verified, for now, fifty and two years after Stanton thus gave expression to his reverence and sorrow, the memory of Lincoln's life and deeds remains firmly imbedded in the affection and respect of the entire world. All over the earth, wherever the peoples thereof enjoy liberty or are fighting to win it, Lincoln is venerated as are the prophets of old. If any of the younger members of the League should ever be asked what inspired its foundation, let them bring the questioner to this room, and facing this statue and the names around it exclaim: "This is what inspired it!" Around and about this statue are the names of all members of The Union League who rallied to the defense of

their country. The great majority have gone before but there are many survivors and they have the supreme satisfaction of reading their names upon the tablets. There are veterans of the Rebellion, members of The Union League, here tonight, who saw, and talked with Lincoln, the Great Emancipator; and it seems peculiarly appropriate that, on this occasion, there are among us, two men who were at Lincoln's side at the Battle of Fort Stevens, on the Seventh Street Road near the City of Washington. They stood with him on the parapet of the fort on the only occasion when a President of the United States was under fire in actual battle while in office. The other officer in the group was wounded so severely that he carried its serious effects to his grave, though he survived many years.* The two members of the League who were with Lincoln in battle are Colonel James W. Latta and Major William A. Wiedersheim.

I see around me, as I have said, veterans of the War of the Rebellion whose active work is done. I see also many young men—strong, active, full of fire and courage—in the uniforms of the Army and Navy of the United States who are going to fight to preserve the very same principles for which these veterans fought and for which Lincoln died—Liberty and Democracy. These young men are to take up and carry on the work of their predecessors, and care must be taken that the names of every member of the League who fights to perpetuate the achievements of the heroes of 1861–1865 shall be added to those we now see here. Whenever I look upon a picture of Abraham Lincoln, I think: There is a man who

*C. C. V. Crawford, Assistant Surgeon, 102d Pennsylvania Volunteers.

had no hate in his entire nature. No act of his was ever dictated by hate; his nature was love. Hate never won any cause. In this war it has driven our enemies to the commission of unutterable atrocities, the murder and outrage of innocent women and children; it has instigated them to break treaties and agreements and violate the laws of nations—but it has never won a cause. And I want to say tonight, that just as surely as I am standing here, hate won't win the fight upon which we have entered.

And now, in the name of, and on behalf of, the Art Association I present to The Union League this statue of Abraham Lincoln. This room would be incomplete without it. And as the years pass, and younger men take our places—the places of you and of me—let them see to it, that when this war is over, there be placed here the names of the members of The Union League who made sacrifices and fought over seas for the cause that Abraham Lincoln fought for—the freedom of humanity. For that cause Abraham Lincoln died; and for it every American today, whether on the battlefront or in his own country, will be willing to sacrifice everything in order to win the fight and secure the triumph of democracy. [Applause.] For, as the President has said: "This war means grim business." It is not a holiday affair; not a mere parade with flags flying and bands playing. It is real war upon an unprecedented scale. America expects every man to make a sacrifice. There is a call to universal service in this stupendous effort to establish for all futurity the principles upon which the American Republic was founded. This will be the final struggle to settle permanently the rights of our own people and of the

peoples of the world—the weak as well as the strong—to enjoy unmolested the freedom of conscience, aspiration and action that God intended should be the natural and inalienable prerogatives of mankind. And after the victory is won the man who did not contribute his share to the triumph of so holy a cause will be unhappy indeed.

MR. GRIBBEL:—The statue will be unveiled by the patriotic saint of The Union League, Mr. George P. Morgan. [Applause.]

MR. G. P. MORGAN:—Mr. President, and gentlemen, it is pleasant to be here, but I am here in the place of one of our members, dear to every member of The Union League, who has been sorely stricken, and to whom our hearts go out in sincere sympathy. General Benson gave much time and much thought to the preparation of these memorials, both as a member of the Board of Directors and as chairman of the Committee, arranged and prepared the list of names entitled to be placed on this roll of honor. This motto of this great organization is identical to that of the great modern President, "Love of Country Leads." How many memories I recall as we read the names on these tablets. This statue and these inscriptions make this holy ground; make this an epoch night in the history of The Union League.

We are assembled this evening to unveil a statue in lasting bronze, of the greatest American, whose one aim was to preserve the Union, and we have surrounded it with these tablets recording the names of our members, dead and living, who tendered their lives, if need be, for their country in that great conflict which was to decide

whether this country was to remain as a Union of States or to be destroyed.

It is fitting that The Union League should do this. Its walls have been engrossed with this motto. This monument of Abraham Lincoln is of the patriot who by the grace of God lived to see victory for the cause and then fell at the hands of a cowardly assassin within forty days after the second inaugural. These words will remain forever enshrined in the hearts of every true American. The success for which he strove has made it possible for the United States to take part today in this war for humanity against barbarism and has placed them clearly in the front rank of the on-marching columns.

MR. GRIBBEL:—Governor Stuart, for and on behalf of The Union League, with profound appreciation, I accept this statue. Through the continuing generosity and sound judgment of the Art Association this house has been enriched with a notable line of art treasures. In the gift of this statue you have touched the heart-strings of The Union League and have made our patriotism articulate by this superb portrait of him whose service was the inspiration of our birth. Here this statue shall stand for the generations to come as the sign and symbol of our mission and our enduring ideal. For it we, and those who shall come after us, will hold for the Art Association an endearing gratitude.

Members of The Union League, we gather to set apart this room as sacred to the memory of those of our members, who in the dark days of 1861 to 1865 sprang to the defense of the Flag. On these tablets their names and rank are spread in bronze, not so imperishable as the

glory of their accomplishment. Their victory in 1865 makes possible the raising of the Flag of Liberty and Union by these United States in the battle for world freedom in 1917.

Most of these whose sacrifices we honor have joined the battalions of Heaven, receiving the eternal decoration; for "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend," but by the favor of a benign Providence there gather in this company tonight:

William W. Allen
Silas H. Alleman
Charles D. Barney
Jacob E. Barr
Clarence S. Bement
R. Dale Benson
Oliver C. Bosbyshell
Wendell P. Bowman
F. Amedee Bregy
Henry W. Brown
Henry C. Butcher
Howard Butcher
James Butterworth
Charles C. Butterworth
Richard Campion
William H. Carpenter
Robert Carson
J. Solis Cohen
John Conaway
Theodore Cramp
George K. Crozer
Henry J. Davis
A. J. DeCamp
Henry S. Huidekoper
Lane S. Hart
Samuel Horner, Jr.
John B. Hutchinson
Jacob E. Hyneman
John Story Jenks
Theodore Justice
Daniel A. Keyes
Josiah Kisterbock, Jr.
James W. Latta
James G. Leiper
Richard T. McCarter
Robert K. McNeely
Frederick McOwen
George V. Massey
Samuel Moore, Jr.
George P. Morgan
C. Stuart Patterson
George G. Pierie
William K. Ramborger
William H. Ramsey
George Rice
Samuel D. Risley

Edward J. Durban
Edgar W. Earle
Albert D. Fell
David N. Fell
John O. Foering
James Forney
Edward H. Godshalk
William Grange
Robert M. Green
John W. Hampton
William W. Hanna
Charles H. Harding
John B. Harper
Alfred C Harrison
Thomas S. Harrison
Frank H. Rosengarten
William H. Sayen
Samuel S. Sharp
Richard M. Shoemaker
Powell Stackhouse
Thomas C. Stellwagen
George Stevenson
John M. Walton
Joseph K. Weave.
John A. Wiedersh. m
Willaim A. Wiedersheim
John Willing
Robert N. Willson
John S. Wise
John D. Williamson

whose names these tablets bear.

Your Board of Directors in 1915 appointed as a committee of veterans of the War of the Rebellion and requested them to report a list of members who had served in the armed forces of the United States in the War of the Rebellion.

R. Dale Benson, Chairman

George P. Morgan
O. C. Bosbyshell
Theodore E. Wiedersheim
James W. Latta
H. S. Huidekoper
Horace Neide
C. Stuart Patterson
Richard T. McCarter

To these veterans, by their request, was added Colonel L. E. Beitler, as Secretary. The magnitude of the task was not appreciated when it was imposed upon this committee.

General Horace Neide and General Theodore E. Wiedersheim passed to their reward before the task was

finished, and General R. Dale Benson lies ill tonight, unable to be with us. The records of over fifty years were searched and tonight we have as the result of this committee's devotion these authenticated tablet records. Amid all the records of The Union League these names are our most precious assets. Stripped of them and the inspiration of their example and sacrifice, we should be poor indeed.

Five honorary members of The Union League, whose names appear upon these tablets:

General Philip H. Sheridan,
Major-General Oliver Otis Howard,
Brevet Major-General Galusha Pennypacker,
Admiral George Dewey,
Rear Admiral J. A. Winslow,

received the "Thanks of Congress for distinguished service."

On these tablets are also the names of—

Brevet Major-General John F. Hartranft,
Lt.-Colonel Charles M. Betts,
Brevet Brig.-General Henry H. Bingham,
Brevet Major-General Charles H. T. Collis,
Brevet Major William H. Lambert,
Brevet Major-General George W. Mindil,
(Medal awarded twice)
Brevet Major-General St. Clair A. Mulholland,
Colonel Robert L. Orr,
Colonel Henry S. Huidekoper,
Captain Frank Furness,

who received "The Medal of Honor."

Colonel Henry S. Huidekoper, the last surviving Field

Officer of the Third Division of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, is still with us in health and strength.

Major Lane S. Hart and Major O. C. Bosbyshell, the only surviving members of The Union League who were with their regiments in the battle and explosion of the mine at Petersburg in 1864, are among our number tonight. Major Bosbyshell was the first soldier who was wounded in the War of the Rebellion, having been struck on the head in Pratt Street in Baltimore on the 18th of April, 1861. We rejoice it left no permanent damage either to his head or to his heart.

As Governor Stuart has said, two living members of The Union League, whose names are inscribed on these tablets, stood in the presence of President Lincoln when he was under fire in the siege of Fort Stevens during the rebel raid at Washington in 1864, and none are held in higher regard here than these:

Colonel James W. Latta,

Major William A. Wiedersheim.

The Union League is rich also in having among its living possessions the only surviving member of the League, Captain John O. Foering, who, after participating in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac up to Gettysburg, marched with Sherman to the sea and later through the Carolinas to the final surrender of the Confederacy.

Another unique characteristic of these Memorial Tablets should be called to your attention. It is a distinction not granted to any other organization in the country, namely, that these tablets bear the names of

fifty-two members of the Philadelphia Washington Greys.

Devoutly do we pray that down the corridors of this Union League house there shall follow us generations of members, whose one and only object of membership here shall be to secure to their children, undiminished, our own birthright of Representative Government under the Constitution received by us from the Fathers.

To this end we dedicate this Memorial Room, this our Hall of Fame, as the shrine of an enduring Love of Country.

As Abraham Lincoln was supported in the flesh and spirit by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Meade, Thomas, Gregg, Farragut, and these our members, it is very fitting that in this Memorial Room these bronzes in their positions shall proclaim the historic fact.

This dedication we make while we here re-dedicate ourselves and this Union League to the support of the President of the United States in the present war in the spirit of the immortal words carved above the Memorial Tablets that "Government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Gentlemen, as an illustration of the influence of this memorial room allow me to submit to you a very signal proof. That influence of your patriotism reinforcing the history of the past fifty-five years and the courtesies that have been extended by you to those who have gone before you, down through the years have made such a deep impression upon a patriot still at work in the city of Washington that he writes me a letter and sends to The Union League the most treasured possession he and his family own. Let me read the letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 19, 1917.

To the President and Board of Directors of
The Union League of Philadelphia,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—My attention has been called to the fact that The Union League is, on the 24th instant, dedicating its "Memorial Room" and unveiling a life-size Statue of Abraham Lincoln. I understand that the new Room is to contain the League's Lincolniana.

I am under the impression, though I am not sure, that I am the only survivor of those who on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, saw that greatest of all Americans draw his last breath. The circumstances under which I was drawn into the scene are fully portrayed in the final chapter of a little publication called "The Commander's Year," which I send herewith and beg your acceptance of. The shorthand notes of the evidence I took before Secretary Stanton and Chief Justice David K. Carter, then of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, in the rear parlor of the Peterson House, I transcribed into longhand while yet sitting in the room where the evidence was taken. I had an idea that I would like to preserve not only the shorthand notes but the original transcription made under such dread surroundings and I did so, giving to Secretary Stanton the next afternoon another copy of the evidence in longhand.

My son, Mr. James A. Tanner, residing in your city now, put them into shape for permanent preservation and, believing that they are of considerable interest to the general public owing to the circumstances surrounding their creation and believing that they will become more so as the years pass, I write to say that if you care to give the volume a place among the treasures you may now possess or may naturally gather in the future regarding President Lincoln, I shall be glad to present them to you in perpetuity, limited only to the life of The Union League. If the League should ever discontinue its Lincolniana display or sever its official connection therewith. I would like to have it understood that the testimony shall be returned to my heirs.

I am delighted to know of your project and, remembering with pleasure the many courtesies I have had at the hands of your organization and its individual members, I make this proffer with great pleasure and with no further object in view than the hope I have that it may add somewhat to the interest taken in your collection.

I am, gentlemen, with great regard,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) JAMES TANNER.

And into our possession as a trust, gentlemen, has come this volume. There are the original stenographic notes that Corporal Tanner made in the parlor while Lincoln

was dying overhead; and the transcript of the notes in his own handwriting which he made the same night in the same house.

[Adjourned.]

MEMORIAL TABLETS

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WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION
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WILLIAM McKINLEY
GEORGE DEWEY
JOHN R BROOKE
OLIVER OTIS HOWARD
DAVID McMURTRIE GREGG
GALUSHA PENNYPACKER
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JOHN FREDERIC HARTRANFT
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JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER
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SHREVE ACKLEY
J EDWARD ADDICKS
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SAMUEL McC AGNEW
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WILLIAM ALLEN
JOHN B A ALLEN
WILLIAM W ALLEN
RALPH W P ALLEN
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EDWARD J ALTEMUS
CIPRIANO ANDRADE
THOMAS ARMSTRONG
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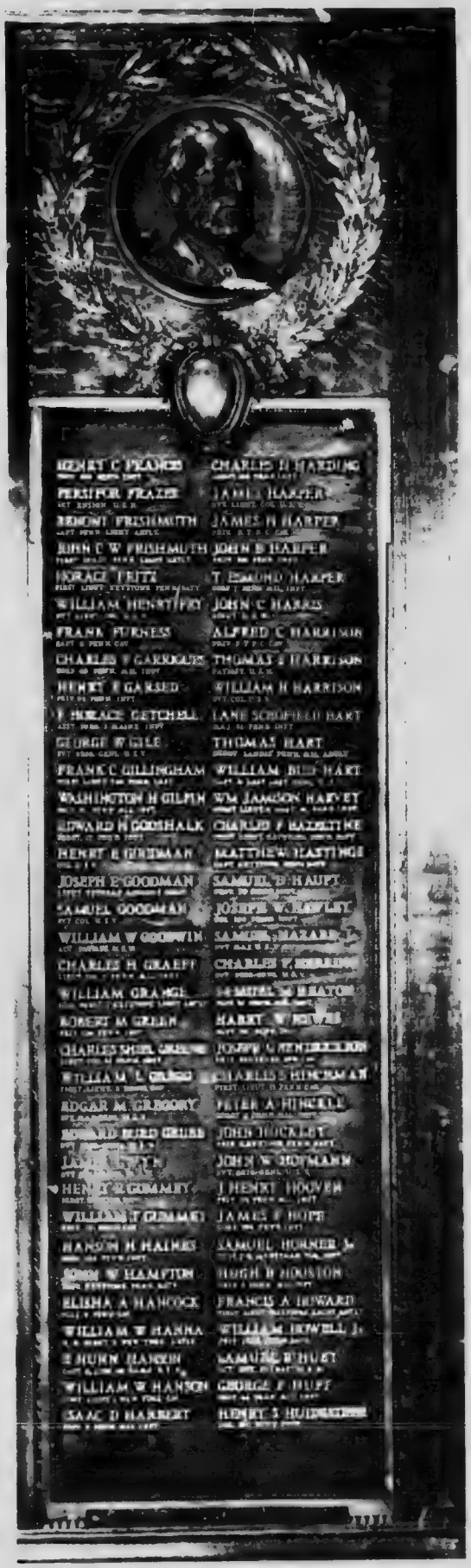

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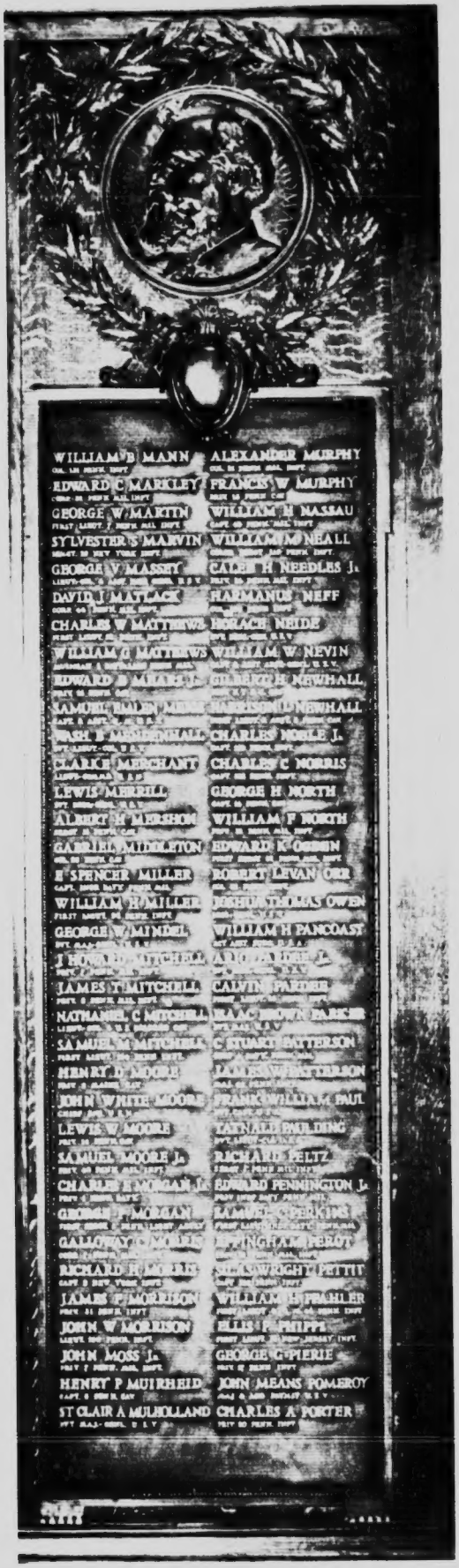

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GEORGE [illegible]
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SA[illegible]
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C[illegible]
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RU[illegible]
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